

Yes, we shall miss him very much,  
Despite his faults, for he was such  
A wonderfully perfect bore;  
A human angel, so to speak,  
And one that, by a curious freak  
As it grew duller it pierced the more.

The Honorable Alfred Tot—  
It was our hero's mournful lot  
To hear this tragic name—set sail  
Upon a whimsical sea-lark;  
His city friends, poured round the bark,  
He knew would still the wildest gale.

But his relentless larynx brought  
A fate of which he'd never thought  
A few weeks out the captain died,  
By rapid catch completely doomed;  
The crew did quickly—overboard,  
And Tot was left in lonely pride.

Yet he kept up, through sun or fog,  
The ship's and his own mono-logic;  
He talked the storm down, and at last,  
With many a pensive, lingering quail,  
Amid a wild and death-timed gale,  
On Patagonia's shore was cast.

The ill-bred natives planned to eat him—  
That was the only way to beat him—  
They wished to banquet him; and what,  
In view of their scant larder-shelf,  
Could one do honor to his feast,  
Than to serve him up smoking hot!

"But," said their chief, "life's very dull:  
Take heed, take heed, before you cull  
So fair a flower as this. If we  
Should slay him now, no doubt it would  
Be quite exciting, but he'd look too  
We next enliven our ennui!"

That saved the captain's life. And now,  
Pondering it o'er with thoughtful brow,  
I'm led to this profound belief  
We do not kill our bores because  
We know such bores tickle the laws  
Our ennu! finds such sweet relief.

—G. P. Lathrop.

[illegible]

A . . .	A dot and dash is A.
B . . .	A dash and three dots, B;
C . . .	Two dots, a space and one dot, C;
D . . .	A dash and two dots, D.
E . . .	One single dot is E.
F . . .	For a dot, dash, dot,
G . . .	Two dashes and a dot for G;
H . . .	II four dots you allot.
I . . .	Two dots will stand for I;
J . . .	A dash, dash, dash, dot, J;
K . . .	For a dash, dash, dot, dot, you try,
L . . .	A long dash L away.
M . . .	Two dashes M demands
N . . .	A dash and dot for N.
O . . .	A dot and space and dot, O stands
P . . .	Five dots for P, not ten.
Q . . .	Two dots, dash, dot are Q.
R . . .	Two dots, space, two dots, R.
S . . .	For S, three dots will always do.
T . . .	One dash is T, thus far.
U . . .	Two dots, a dash for U.
V . . .	Three dots, a dash, make V.
W . . .	Two dashes, W, W, W.
X . . .	Dot, dash, two dots, X, sec.
Y . . .	Two dots, space, two dots, Y.
Z . . .	Three dots, space, dot are Z.

"I was down to the drug store this morning, and saw your ma buying a lot of coat plaster, enough to make a shirt I should think. What's she doing with so much coat plaster," asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in and pulled off his boots by the stove and emptied out a lot of snow, that had collected as he walked through a drift, on the hearth, which melted and made a bad smell.

"O, I guess she is going to patch pa up so he will hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muss you ever see, last night. If that museum was here now they would hire pa and ex-his boy muck on his boots and look at you. I have got too old to be mauld as though I was a kid, and any man who attacks me from this out, wants to have his peace made with the insurance companies, and know that his calling and election is sure, because I am a bad man, and don't you forget it." And the boy pulled on his boots and looked so cross and desperate that the grocery man asked him if he wouldn't try a little new cider.

"Good heavens," said the grocery man, as the boy swallowed the cider, and his face resumed its natural look, and the piratical frown disappeared went in. "You have not stabbed your father, have you. I have feared that one thing would bring on another, with you, and that you would be hung."

"Naw, I haven't stabbed him. It was another cat that stabbed him. You see, pa wants me to do all the work in the house. The other day I bought a load of kindling wood, and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came, and pa found I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood went in, it would make me sick back into the lodge, that he would warm my jacket. Well, I tried to hire some one to carry it in, and got a man to promise to come in the morning and carry it in and take his pay in groceries, and I was going to buy the groceries here and have them charged to pa. But that wouldn't help me, that's right. The other day he came home he would search for me. So I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borrowed an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns, and put the cat in my bed. I thought I would get away really, and I found that by his unkindness that I had changed to a tom cat, he would be sorry. That is the biggest cat you ever see, and the worst fighter in our ward. It isn't afraid of anything, and can whip a New Foundland dog quicker than you could put sand in a barrel of sugar. I thought I would get away from the tumble over the kindling wood, and I knew by the remark he made, as the wood slid around under him, that there was going to be a cat fight real quick. He came up to ma's room, and sounded ma as to whether Henny had returned to his virtuous cause. Pa is awful sarved in his room, and he said to him, 'Take off his clothes, and hear him say, as he picked up a trunk strap, 'I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face, as he dreams of angels, I want to press him to my aching bosom.' I thought to myself, mebbe you won't get much for this. He came to the stairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked out around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it exploded. Pa went in my room, and up the back board and could hear him say, 'Come out here and bring in that kindling wood, or I will start a fire on your base burner with this strap.' And then there was a yowling such as I never heard before, and pa said, 'Helen Blazes,' and the furniture in my room began to fall over, and he said to me, 'I think pa's got the tom cat right by the neck the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. By the way the cat squawled as though it was being choked, I know pa had him by the neck. I suppose the cat thought pa was a whole new kind of Fendish. The other cat had a record of dogs, and kicked awful. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around pa's stomach, and pa yelled 'police,' and 'fire,' and 'turn on the hose,' and he called ma, and the cat yowled. If pa had had presence of mind enough to get up and throw the cat out of it up in the mattress, it would have been all right, but a man always gets rattled in time of danger, and he held onto the cat and started down stairs yelling murder, and he met ma coming up. I guess ma's night-cap, or something, frightened the cat some way, and he jumped up and bit at the night-shirt with one hind foot, and ma said 'mercy on us, and she went back, and pa stumbled on a hand-sled that was on the stairs, and they all fell down, and the cat got away and went down in the coal bin and took a night's rest. The next morning he came down the back stairs, and haven't been to breakfast, cause I don't want to see pa when he is vexed. You let the man that carries in the kindling wood have six shillings worth of groceries, and charge them to pa. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life, and I am arrived at the coal period. I will carry on, but I don't let the line at kindling wood."

"Well, you are a cruel, bad boy

This is a wonderful year. It is not two months old, yet it has given a list of catastrophes which many a whole year cannot equal. There have been shipwrecks, appalling fires, unprecedented floods, spots on the sun, and Wiggins. Now comes the discovery of a man full of snakes. He lives in Salisbury, N. Y., he is a colored person, and his name is Hugh Leonard. He has been sick for several weeks, and his sufferings have culminated in a series of deliverances which have set the colored portion of the community nearly wild. His narrative of his sufferings and their origin is succinct and thrilling. He went to a ball, where he met an old sweetheart whom he had "dropped for a handsome girl." She came to him with a smile on her lips, with cake in her hand, but death in her heart. She asked him to eat some cake, and he with some misgiving, took a piece. It had a peculiar taste, and he only ate a little, feeling all the time that he was being "conjured." When violent pains attacked him in the stomach soon afterward, he knew his suspicions were correct, and he sent for "his Uncle Cotman," a high authority on conjuring.

Uncle Cotman went to work on the sufferer with the avowed intention of "gettin de debil out ob him" as soon as possible. After two weeks of no result, when violent pains attacked him in the stomach, he began to surrender by sections. On Wednesday last Leonard was taken with a fit of coughing, and "throw up a snake twelve inches long, spotted white and black, and apparently of the water-snake variety." Uncle Cotman grabbed him and clapped him 25 times, bringing into a bottle of rum which killed him instantly. This great feat enabled Uncle Cotman to demonstrate the important truth that the way to kill the "debil" is to get him out of the stomach and then put him into the rum, not leave him in the stomach and pour the rum in upon him. But this may be upset by subsequent developments, for only part of the "debil" has been removed, and only one instalment of him has been captured. The old negro women who were watching with Leonard say that just before the snake was ejected they saw a "four-legged scorpion" jump out of Leonard's mouth and run under the bed. They ought to have been only for the purpose of a scorpion rigged with only half the usual quota of legs could not have been very sleek. Here are two sections of the "debil" accounted for, and there are more to come. Leonard, at last accounts, was lying on his back on the floor, saying that he was still full of them; that the rum he put into his stomach was not doing him any good, but slipped back before he could get hold of them. Uncle Cotman is at his post, and if his strength holds out he is certain to get a lot more of them.

**To Impatient Young Men.**  
Albany Journal.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out the window and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Hard working men set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you are born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard working young man with his wife and children will make money while others do nothing but lose it.

**The Texas Kind of Spider.**  
Austin Statesman.

The other night a lady named Mrs. Leane, living on East Pecos street, was in the act of taking a drink of water when a spider sprang out of the dipper and fastened on her upper lip. So venomously did the venomous insect sting that Mrs. Leane had to pull it until she mashed it before its fangs pulled out. In less than fifteen minutes the lady was unconscious. She suffered terribly and was still in a very precarious condition at the time of last accounts.

**Important Proclamation.**  
The Hon. Peter Bowe is Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Recently, in conversation with one of our reporters, Mr. Bowe proclaimed the following fact: "I consider St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. Mrs. Bowe always has a bottle of it there, and makes a family remedy of it."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

That which is better to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

Have you inflammatory sore throat, catarrh, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is the most wonderful internal and external remedy known to medical science.

The cheapest advice is that which costs nothing, and is worth nothing.

We caution all persons not to buy the extra large packs of dust and ashes now put up by certain parties and called confectionery. These articles are used by the celebrated *Boy Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* if you buy any; they are absolutely pure and immensely valuable.

A Christian should show his religion over a counter as well as at an altar.

[illegible][illegible]

**JACOBS OIL**

TRADE MARK

**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Nerve Thrill, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER DODDLY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Putty Glass a hint R. KING, Esq., STAFF SURGEON, ROYAL NAVY HOSPITAL, DORCHESTER, ENGLAND.

**THE CHARLES A. VOIGELER CO.**  
Manufacturers at WABLER & SONS, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

---

# Dyspepsia!

And the severer forms of INDIGESTION. A small pamphlet on the above most distressing malady and their complete cures, post free, 5 cents in stamps. R. KING, Esq., STAFF SURGEON, ROYAL NAVY HOSPITAL, LANT. Apply to **RICHARD KINGS, Box 99,** Detroit, Mich.

---

**HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.**

To Anyone, manufacture and monopolization on hand every article known to the Sporting Fraternity, and used by them, it WIN with 6 games of chance. Read my manuscript, Address, enclosed in box.

**JAS. SUYDAM, 65 & 67 Nassau St., New York City.**

---

# PENSIO!

SEEK WORKERS ON any salary, joint or light? Parents, whose children are entitled. Millions persecuted. For sale, Insurance, pensions, discharge, back pay and immunities. Instructions and bounty table. E. M. THOMAS & CO., 117 Broadway, New York City. Send stamp for FREE! Ask for THE WASHINGTON FARMER'S!

---

**Lightning Hay Knife!**  
(WEYNOUTH'S PATENT.)

Awarded "First Order of Merit" at Melbourne Exhibition, 1880. Was awarded the First Premium at the International Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, and accepted by the Judges as THE BEST KNIFE IN USE.

It is the BEST KNIFE in the world to cut FINE FEED from stalks, to cut down now or later, to cut STEAKS for feed, or to cut PEAT, and also the equal for cutting sods or disking in manure, and for cutting sods ASH FROM BIRD.

CUTTING IT WILL PAY YOU. Manufactured only by **HIRAM HOLT & Co., East Wilton, Me., U.S.A.**

For sale by Hardware Merchants and the trade generally.

---

# Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL.

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lamé Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.

Is a test internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00.

**FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs,**  
BUFFALO, N.Y., U.S.A.

---

MONUMENT PEN No. 333	MONUMENT PEN No. 333
MONUMENT PEN No. 444	MONUMENT PEN No. 444
MONUMENT PEN No. 128	MONUMENT PEN No. 128
MONUMENT PEN No. 161	MONUMENT PEN No. 161
MONUMENT PEN No. 122	MONUMENT PEN No. 122
MONUMENT PEN No. 135	MONUMENT PEN No. 135
MONUMENT PEN No. 048	MONUMENT PEN No. 048
MONUMENT PEN No. 130	MONUMENT PEN No. 130
MONUMENT PEN No. 14	MONUMENT PEN No. 14
MONUMENT PEN No. 81	MONUMENT PEN No. 81
MONUMENT PEN No. 22	MONUMENT PEN No. 22

MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY FOR  
**THORNDIKE NOURSE,**  
(Successor to E. J. Sears & Co.) DETROIT, MICH.  
By the Estorbork Steel Pen Company.

Sample card mailed on receipt of twenty five cents.